LEONARD WOOD

PROPHET OF PREPAREDNESS

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

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(The Sargent Portrait)

Leonard Wood
Major General
U.S. Army

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BY

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR AFTER THE WAR," ETC.
CO-AUTHOR "CHARLES FROHMAN, MANAGER AND MAN"

"God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hearts."
—J. G. HOLLAND

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TO

HOWARD D. WHEELER

WHO MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE

FOREWORD

ONE day last summer I sat in the study of an English statesman discussing the war and the probability of peace. The talk naturally turned to America and the part that she would or should play in the approach to a merciful cessation of the slaughter that was ravaging half the world.

"It would be an everlasting glory to the United States if she could help to bring about an honourable and lasting peace," I remarked.

"Yes," replied the Englishman, "but has she qualified herself for such a rôle?"

"What do you mean?" I queried.

"Simply this," he retorted, "and I say it with all respect. The United States is not eligible for the part of intermediary; first,

because of her indifference to Belgium's tragedy, and second, by reason of the fact that no nation, however rich, can speak in international terms without armed or trained authority behind it."

This little episode made me think. I found an echo of what this Englishman said wherever I went. I had gone abroad to study industrial and economic conditions with special reference to the business problems that would develop with peace. In England and France I found commercial resources being marshalled and aligned for a world trade war.

As I listened to the unmistakable rumble of this prelude to bitter and bloodless battle I realised, sadly enough, how ill-equipped we were as a nation to meet the shock of a conflict that would test all our resources and our readiness. What I saw and heard on that trip are set forth in "The War after the War," which is a plea for a commercial

preparedness that is full brother to the training in arms.

We are as defenceless with the one as with the other. When I sailed away, America was in the throes of a great campaign for adequate naval and military protection: I returned to find much of the agitation still in the stage of animated speech. The larger task of providing an adequate and trained citizenry—the real defensive bulwark of a nation—remained unaccomplished. Amid the ruins of devastated communities and in maimed and broken humanity I had seen the tragic toll that war exacts.

I knew—as many others knew—that the surest preventative of this appalling waste lay in a National Service that had all the beneficent features of compulsory training without the taint of iron-handed and despotic militarism.

The most effective way of presenting any cause is in human terms, and, if possible,

through the medium of a personality that exemplifies the larger principles involved. There was no need of extended search for a subject. General Wood literally incarnated both the letter and the spirit of preparedness. He is its Prophet and its Doer. The story of his life, therefore, is offered as a human document in evidence of the Great Cause to which he has dedicated his courage and his character.

I. F. M.

New York,
January, 1917.

LEONARD WOOD

Leonard Wood
Prophet of Preparedness

I

WE were not so many miles behind the front. As you listened you could hear the dull regular boom of the guns which meant death and destruction all along the far-flung battle line. Suddenly down the road streaked a grey service automobile. It stopped and out leaped a lean, sinewy khakied figure of a man with a tanned and clear-cut face. You did not need to look at the crown and stars on his sleeves to know that he was of colonel's rank. His very presence radiated authority and commanded respect. There was a firm hand-shake and the quiet cordial greeting of the British soldier.

We spoke of many things that summer

day somewhere in France, but principally War. We were in the presence of the great and compelling Thing that was making history almost before our eyes. We talked, too, of America: her unpreparedness and apathy to all the lessons of the stupendous struggle: most of all about the men who would be needed for field leadership in case the grim thunderbolt struck us.

"You've got one great soldier over there," said the Colonel.

"Whom do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, General Leonard Wood, of course," was the answer. "He is what you Americans would call 'some soldier.'"

I beamed with pride. Who wouldn't? This frank praise of an American General at a time when respect for our military prestige was at its lowest ebb in Europe was as refreshing as a cooling draught on a torrid day. Here was spontaneous tribute from the firing line and from a fighting man to a

colleague who had been through the same grilling mill. And what the British Colonel said was echoed all up and down that flaming front where human worth is appraised at its real value.

The United States, and for that matter a considerable part of the world, has heard a good deal of Leonard Wood. With the exception of General George W. Goethals he has been the most conspicuous member of our military establishment since the Spanish-American War. The superficial story of this Soldier-Doctor who rose from obscure assistant surgeon to be a Major-General with an international reputation in the incredibly short space of ten years, is almost as familiar to the average schoolboy as that of Christopher Columbus or Abraham Lincoln. He is the shining example of what can be wrought out of the profession of arms.

Though he has been Healer, Adminis-

trator, Builder, Diplomat, Statesman and Fighting Man, he occupies to-day a more noteworthy place before his countrymen perhaps than ever before. It lies in the fact that he is not only the symbol and instrument of the most significant force set in motion in this country since the fateful Sixties, but he is likewise its most effective and eloquent Voice.

General Wood did not need the stimulus or spectacle of war-reddened Europe to realise his nation's need of adequate preparedness. All his life he has actually lived the creed of a necessary training to meet the contingency of conflict: he has literally incarnated the Gospel of Fitness that is the insurance against it.

A great vocal teacher need not necessarily be a great singer. It is merely a matter of knowing technique. But the man who preaches preparedness must practise what he preaches. Leonard Wood is the animate

embodiment of all the preparation that he has so long urged upon the United States and which, in this pregnant hour of World History, has a meaning not to be ignored save at dreadful cost.

It is a fortunate circumstance, therefore, that makes General Wood the principal spokesman for National Defence. He is a self-made Soldier who realises in achievement and citizenship the fullest requirements of fundamental democracy. Without being a militarist he stands for all that military authority represents: he is everything that National Service should teach and bestow. The unadorned narrative of his public performance is the best argument that could be driven into the consciousness of the American people to emphasise the vital need of organised safeguard against the terror and tragedy that now beset Europe.

Seldom in the lifetime of any soldier is it possible to encounter a career more crowded

with action, more romantic with adventure, more studded with constructive service than that of Leonard Wood. To the finest tradition of martial exploit he brings the added laurel of civil administration—the highest exemplification that the soldier is builder and not destroyer.

What manner of man is this who subdued the savage in treacherous jungle with the same ease that he faced and conquered disease and disorder in congested and hostile city: who has proved in terms of regenerated communities that the pen and sterilizer in the hand of the soldier-statesman are as effective and more enduring than the sword in the grip of the militant invader?

II

YOU are not long in reaching the first symbols in the formula of Wood success. Probe the beginning and you uncover at once the hall-mark of distinct Americanism. The man who planted the first outpost of our colonial empire is a direct descendant of that *Mayflower* contingent that formed the corner-stone of the Republic. His father was a country doctor of the old school, a soldier of the Civil War, who brought cheer and relief to scores of homes in and about his home on Cape Cod. From him came the heritage of character and service.

Leonard Wood spent his boyhood around Pocasset, within stone-throw of Buzzards Bay. He was a shy and silent lad: he did not build mud forts or lead his playmates in mimic warfare. But he did love the great

open spaces—the tumult of wind and sea. No hardened sailor was more fearless on the storm-tossed waters. He could sail a boat anywhere. His first definite ambition was for the navy.

But immediate family precedent proved stronger than inclination. The year 1880 found him a student at the Harvard Medical School. He had no money, but with tutoring and a hard-won scholarship he worked his way through. When he was twenty-four he hung out his shingle in front of a little office on Staniford Street in Boston, a slum district where people were poor and pay precarious. Here was interesting work in plenty, but the call of the service was stronger. After a year of struggle he packed up his bag one day, went to New York and passed second in a class of fifty-nine that took the examination for surgeon in the army.

There was no immediate vacancy in the

commissioned ranks of the Medical Corps. In the Southwest, however, the campaign against the Apaches had just begun. Wood had been told that men were needed. When he was asked if he would be willing to enter the service as a contract surgeon he promptly replied:

"Yes, if I can go West and see active service."

"You will see all the service that you want," retorted his new chief with a smile.

Wood found out during the next few years that this was no idle conversation. He was ordered to join General Crook at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, where an expedition under the then Captain Henry W. Lawton was about to start on the first leg of what became the memorable expedition after Geronimo and his Apaches, who had instituted a reign of lawlessness all along the border that extended well into Mexico.

Wood reached the post late in the after-

noon of a broiling Fourth of July when cow-punchers, frontiersmen and half-breeds were celebrating in reckless and noisy fashion. Thus his entrance into Western life reeked with gunpowder. His meeting with Lawton was typical of the time and place. That gallant fighter, who was as profane as he was soldierly, greeted the young New Englander in this fashion:

"What in the hell are you doing in the army?"

"I want to get into the line if possible," was the reply.

The answer appealed to Lawton, who said:

"Come along and I will do what I can to help you."

Something about the quiet and business-like manner of the young doctor appealed to the veteran, who gripped his new colleague by the hand and slapped him on the back. Now began a comradeship soon to be tested

by fire in the most gruelling Indian chase that American history has ever recorded.

Right here you get one of the striking reasons why Leonard Wood has accomplished everything he set out to do. Most of the troops were mounted. The future general had not ridden horseback half a dozen times in his life. He drew the only unassigned animal in the command. As the old sergeant remarkéd with a smile: "A very special horse."

Wood soon discovered why this horse had been unassigned. It was not only very vicious but was half broke, yet he conquered it. The first day he rode thirty-five miles through the roughest country in Arizona without a murmur or a sign of fatigue. For five days he averaged eighteen hours a day in the saddle and on foot.

All that winter and until early the following year he was in the field, some time in camp, some time on one of many rapid

rushes after Indian raiders. In the late spring began the big chase of over 2,000 miles, which ended in the capture of Geronimo. Before he had been on the war-path three months he was given command of the infantry, a small but picked force whose officers had broken down. Meanwhile he had been commissioned Lieutenant.

Wood's Indian campaign was an epic of the West. Part of the time it was waged in the fastnesses of Sonora and Chihuahua, the country to the west of that in which Villa hid when General Pershing's punitive force went after him. Pershing's troops had the advantage of motor transport and aerial courier service. The Apache country was rough and difficult even for the pack mule, and frequently this hardy animal could not be taken on some of the trails.

During those terrible months Wood impressed his endurance. I mention it because henceforth his career was to be one continu-

ous test of this quality. In the early months of the pursuit he made one hundred and thirty-six miles in thirty-six hours, half on foot and half on horseback. On one occasion he walked with his scouts all day, rode seventy miles that night with despatches, and the following morning again took his place in the marching column. Such hardihood amazed even the Indian scouts. It was the direct result, however, of his simple life and his old experience in hare and hound chases at school. On this expedition Wood proved his theory that a well-trained white man can endure more hardship than an Indian.

Thanks to the iron persistence of Wood and his associates, the last of the Apache raiders were run down and the wily battle-scarred old chief—long the Scourge of the Frontier—was brought back a captive, with the young surgeon, soon to wear stars on his shoulder straps, riding alongside his pony.

For special and gallant service rendered during this expedition Wood received the much-coveted Medal of Honor, the American Victoria Cross, bestowed only for conspicuous achievement.

At the close of the Geronimo campaign General Miles selected Wood to command a small party of eight picked men sent out to capture or kill a party of hostiles who had escaped from the Geronimo band. For five months he was again in the mountains of Sonora on a hazardous undertaking that took him and his men over two thousand miles of the roughest country.

Wood emerged from that racking Indian ordeal still unknown and merely a minor cog in the military machine. During the next ten years he had a variety of experience in which the quiet work of the surgeon joined with the courage and dash of the line officer. It included, among other things, saving the

leg of General Miles when he was thrown from his horse in California and when all other surgeons insisted that amputation was necessary; a quick dash after the "Apache Kid" who was raiding certain sections of the Southwest, and a heliographic survey of wildest Arizona, which gave him the outdoor life he loved so well.

While stationed in California he played football for exercise and became a crack performer. During his two years at Fort McPherson in Georgia he continued this activity and is probably better known in some parts of the South for his football prowess than anything else.

Early in the Nineties he was assigned to Washington. To army doctors as well as to others this is the National Morgue, the sanctuary of easy berths and official ease. But with Wood it was merely a step to that point in his life when his name and his deeds

would be woven into the larger legend of the nation.

It is characteristic of the amazing adaptability of the man that he fitted into the Capitol environment just as readily as he had made himself part and parcel of the care-free frontier existence. He ministered to the medical wants of the White House with the same skill that he had bound up the wounds of guerilla warfare in trail and pass.

Administrations changed: Cleveland passed from power: McKinley sat in the Seat of State. Wood continued as a Presidential surgeon, and a close friendship sprang up between the one-time Ohio Major, whose term of office was to be marked by the first American war since the Rebellion, and the keen-eyed and dependable army doctor.

Now came the meeting which almost more than any other helped to shape Wood's life. One night in 1896 he was invited to dine at

the Lowndes house in Washington. Just before the guests started in to dinner a sturdy, deep-chested, spectacled man entered the room with a smile on his animated face. Instantly the host had him by the hand and, turning to the army surgeon who stood alongside, said:

"Doctor Wood, I want you to meet Mr. Theodore Roosevelt."

Their hands met: there was a really sincere "delighted-to-meet-you" salutation, and a pair of remarkable men whose careers were to be closely entwined in action and history came together.

That night Roosevelt and Wood walked home together. No two people ever had more in common. They were both Harvard graduates, strong, athletic and loved strenuous sports: both had fought Indians in the West and they shared a common feeling about the inevitableness of the conflict with Spain that now brooded over the horizon of

peace. With the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor that horizon broke into flame and we came to grips with Spain.

The hour of destiny for Roosevelt and Wood now struck. In the light of what happened to them it is interesting to reflect upon it for a moment. For Roosevelt it meant the first step into the spotlight that was to play about him continuously ever after: for Wood it likewise created an opportunity which was to be swiftly and brilliantly capitalised.

To Wood in particular the war meant everything and for a reason not generally known. Shortly before the *Maine* episode the future organiser of the Rough Riders had definitely decided to abandon the army as a career and to try sheep-ranching in New Mexico. This step was dictated by the fact that promotion was slow and the field of action restricted.

Having made up his mind to take this step,

Wood was preparing to go West when the break with Spain dashed all thought of resignation from his mind. In this episode you get a near parallel with Grant, who had left the army and was engaged in prosaic mercantile pursuit when Sumter was fired on. He left his desk to save the Union. So, too, did Wood now turn to the task which was to give him the fling into fame.

Roosevelt and Wood wanted to raise separate regiments in their respective states of New York and Massachusetts. Amid the tangle of red tape, chaos and criminal lack of preparation which marked our military activities this was impossible. During those days Wood and his co-workers, clashing everywhere with incompetent officialdom, realised the fallacy of the soft-voiced contention, preached so glibly by prating pacifists, that in the hour of dire emergency a million men would leap to arms between sunrise and sunset. The millions were as ready

to leap then as they are now, but it is a long step between the most ardent patriotism and the all-essential training and equipment to make that patriotism effective and protective. No wonder Wood resolved, even amid the distractions of those crowded hours, to dedicate himself to the doctrine of preparedness. He knows whereof he speaks.

But to return to our narrative. Senator Warren had proposed the raising in the West of three regiments of mounted riflemen, to be classed as cavalry and made up of men having special qualifications of marksmanship and horsemanship. Wood was regarded, so far as experience was concerned, as a product of the Western country and so was Roosevelt. Both were delighted with the Warren idea and keen to translate it into action.

Roosevelt was offered the colonelcy of one of these regiments, but he declined on the ground that it needed a trained military man.

He said that he would accept the lieutenant-colonelcy if Wood became colonel. Secretary of War Alger fell in with the plan, gave Wood a desk in his office and said to him:

"Don't let me hear a word from you until your regiment is raised. When your requisitions and other papers are all ready bring them to me to sign." In ten minutes that much-abused man gave the necessary instructions which led to the formation of the famous Rough Riders.

Alger was accustomed to handling big business. Had his Bureau Chiefs risen to the opportunities he gave them the administration of the War Office would have been highly successful. But they were paralysed at the thought of responsibility and threw it back on a man already overburdened. It was not the lack of capacity in the Secretary which tangled up the War Department, but lack of courage and initiative in his subordinates. They were afraid to take the oppor-

tunity handed out to them. The quick organisation of Wood's regiment shows what Alger could do when he had men willing to assume responsibility.

The world is familiar with the picturesque page that the Rough Riders wrote into American history. But what it does not know is the way Wood equipped that remarkable command. It throws such light upon the method and character of the spokesman for National Service to-day that it is well worth explaining. It shows how resource and initiative triumphed over delay and unreadiness.

If you had any contact with conditions at Washington shortly after the outbreak of the Spanish War, you would know that indescribable confusion prevailed. It is best, or should I say worst, revealed by the remark made by a certain high military officer to Wood. He said with much annoyance:

"Here I had a magnificent system; my of-

fice and department were in good working order and this damned war comes along and breaks it all up."

Wood helped to smash it. He knew that to recruit and equip a regiment amid all that encircling chaos was well-nigh impossible. So he adopted the wholesale method, which likewise was the prepared method. He carefully assembled in proper form every document that bore on his task. It included telegrams to governors calling on them for troops: requisitions on arsenals for arms and ammunitions: orders on government depots for uniforms and supplies. A stroke of the pen would make every one of these papers an official document. When he had them all at hand (and they made a stack nearly a foot high), he approached the desk of the Secretary of War and said to Mr. Alger:

"All that I now need to raise my regiment is your signature to these papers."

Beset as he was by incompetency and sloth Alger looked up surprised and startled.

"Why," he said, "you have not only used my name but the President's as well. Still, it's all right. We need this kind of constructive insubordination now. If men would only do things instead of talking about them the army would soon be organised."

That night the electric spark carried to Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory the compact instructions that in five days made possible the organisation of the Rough Riders, and in twenty-one witnessed their actual mobilisation at San Antonio, Texas.

Let me give you a few reasons why this miracle was achieved.

First take the matter of uniforms. Every army depot in the United States was in turmoil to meet the unexpected demand for clothes.

"We cannot supply your regiment," said the Quartermaster-General to Wood.

"Then our men will wear the ordinary army brown canvas working clothes," was the instantaneous reply. And they did.

Thus expediency was the mother of comfort because they were far more serviceable in the tropical climate than the regulation blue.

Then there was the matter of rifles. All the other volunteer regiments had to take the old-fashioned Springfield. Wood wanted his men to have the army Krag and he got them. Why? Because he knew where they were, and how to get them.

Still a third instance. Wood realised that his motley command of college men, cowpunchers, border marshals and Wall Street brokers could not learn how to use a sabre in a short time: he knew that the most effective steel weapon for close fighting was the machete. Scarcely a thousand people in the

United States had ever heard of this implement, yet Wood was able to equip his regiment with them for the reason that he had heard of a firm in Connecticut that was turning them out for cutting Cuban cane and he requisitioned their product. Once more he was prepared. It is the Wood way which always finds a way.

III

WHEN the Rough Riders steamed out of Tampa Harbor on June 13th, 1898, Leonard Wood was still practically unknown save to a small army circle and to official Washington life. Less than a month later he had fought his way to a Brigadier-Generalship of volunteers: on July 19th he was Governor-General of the City of Santiago, and the smallest hamlet in the United States was familiar with his doings. Before the year which marked the overthrow of Spanish dominion in the West had passed he wore the sash of a Major-General. Never was military rise so rapid. The amazing thing about all this was that the young doctor who had achieved so much had not yet turned his thirty-eighth year.

Wood the Soldier became Wood the Ad-

ministrator. He faced a proposition that would have staggered most men. Siege-scarred and still reeling from assault, Santiago was a charnel house. Thousands lay dead or dying: the streets reeked with filth: hunger vied with disease to complete the almost utter prostration. More than this, prejudice, suspicion, habit—all the hideous aftermath of generations of despotic rule had to be combated. Yet Wood, ruling as benevolent dictator, brought order and cleanliness out of vileness and stagnation.

His methods were a revelation. Accustomed to Spanish officials laden with lace and luxury, the spectacle of this quiet-voiced, eagle-eyed doctor-soldier who moved about fearless and unafraid, wearing a simple khaki uniform and never attended by more than one aide, was as great a shock as the war itself. He poked into filthy dungeons, dragged out political prisoners, held impromptu courts in areaways, and sent unfor-

tunates on their way rejoicing and calling him blessed. He fearlessly went into the yellow fever wards of the hospitals, and himself tested whether inmates of insane asylums were or were not fit to remain behind iron bars. He paid the penalty of this defiance of death by having a very severe attack of yellow fever. He became lawmaker, judge, controller, teacher. He placated the most powerful and astute of clerical autocracies: established schools and hospitals and constructed roads and waterworks. In short, he made Santiago a fit place to live and work in.

His courage won where diplomacy failed. Once an excited Cuban mob gathered in front of the Spanish Casino and threatened to storm it because some Spaniards were hiding upstairs. Armed only with a riding crop and attended by a single soldier, Wood walked straight into the crowd and dispersed it single-handed. Then he added in Spanish:

"The first man who tries to attack this place will be shot dead." In five minutes the street was as clear as if a pestilence had been announced.

And speaking of pestilence brings me to one great glory of the Wood régime. It was due to his inspiring leadership that the conquering hand of science was laid on dread yellow fever. It was here that his old medical training was invaluable. It enabled him to appreciate and remedy conditions and, above all, to place a true value on Walter Reed's great work which proved that the plague was spread by mosquitoes. Wood authorised the historic experiments on human beings which confirmed the Reed theory. Armed with the results of these researches Wood developed sanitary surveys and reforms until Cuba became one of the healthiest countries in the world.

The world hardly yet realises the far-reaching value of Reed's work. It has made

the Western tropics, hitherto the deathbed of the white race, the white man's country for all time. It has changed conditions, so far as the tropics are concerned, half way round the world. Reed's discovery made the building of the Panama Canal possible.

In Santiago Wood first carried out successfully an administrative policy which he once summed up to me in this unconventional fashion: "I insisted on letting the Cubans do their own rat-killing." By this he meant that he had always found it a good plan to let Greek fight Greek. For example, when he first went to Santiago the whole province was bandit-ridden. To have made American troopers kill them in cold blood would have created bad feeling, so he established a Rural Guard which made short shrift of their outlawed brethren.

When the American flag flew at last over the whole of Cuba there was only one choice for Military Governor of the island and that

choice was Leonard Wood. One little incident will show the man's attitude toward his responsibilities. When he went to Washington to confer with Secretary of War Root he called to pay his respects to President McKinley, who said:

"What can I do for you, General Wood?"

"Only this," was the reply: "give me your full support so long as you can trust me. When you cannot do this get rid of me."

At Havana in the old Spanish palace he did for the whole island what he had done for Santiago. From Weyler's chair—Seat of Cuban Frightfulness—he made democracy grow where once a pitiless tyranny obtained. He reconstructed the judiciary, set up a far-reaching school system, reorganised finance and transportation, put stability and integrity into commercial enterprise and the fear of God and law into the heart of every man. He chaperoned the Cuban Constitutional Convention, and no

phase of his regeneration of Cuba was more difficult or significant than his sponsorship for the Platt Amendment, which restrains the infant Republic's borrowings, maintains her sanitary standards, and keeps her under the tutelage of Uncle Sam.

In Elihu Root Wood found that measure of support which only a very great man can give. He backed up the Military Governor in every possible way just as a great chief should act toward an efficient and loyal subordinate.

The Spaniards and Cubans were living in friendship. So just had been the government, and so fair the treatment of all, that when Wood's family left, a Spanish mail steamer was held for a day in order that they might go on it. It was the first ship to pass under the Moro and salute the Cuban flag over the old fortress, where the flag of Spain had floated for nearly four hundred

years. In other words, the iron rule had been just to Spaniard and Cuban alike.

When, on that sunny day in May, 1902, the American flag was hauled down in the Grand Plaza in Havana and General Wood formally turned over the island, whose rebirth he had attended, to its own people, now clean, free, and linked to the world's brotherhood of democracies, he had reached a point in his career at which many men would have been content to pause. With him, however, the goal of To-day is merely the stepping stone to the Effort of To-morrow. And To-morrow dawned full of thrill and movement.

IV

AFTER his retirement from Cuba General Wood was sent to Europe to attend the German manœuvres, where he first met the Kaiser, who conceived a strong attachment for the brilliant young American General, with whose exploits he was familiar. On this mission the American contingent, which included Generals Young and Corbin, fraternised with the English mission headed by Lord Roberts and comprising General John French and General Ian Hamilton, all of whom were to play such important and dramatic parts in the Great War.

When Wood returned to Washington he was a General without a job, but he was not to escape the unrest that had marked him for its own. He became the centre of the most sensational controversy that had stirred

the army in years. The way of it was this:

While in Cuba Wood uncovered some daring postal frauds, which involved among others E. G. Rathbone, Director-General of Post, who was convicted and sent to prison. Rathbone had been Senator Mark Hanna's handy man in Ohio. The President-Maker stood by his henchman. He gave Wood the choice of letting Rathbone out or having his nomination as Major-General in the regular army opposed in the Senate. Wood stood pat. Through Hanna Rathbone preferred a whole string of ridiculous charges which were thoroughly aired and which had only one outcome—the triumphant vindication of the man who had added so much to the glory of American arms.

Meanwhile Fate had registered again. The spectacled and strenuous personage whom Wood had met at the Lowndes dinner and who had followed him through the Cuban jungle under a rain of steel, had become

President of the United States. Of course Roosevelt and Wood saw a great deal of each other.

One afternoon they were fencing in the White House Library. During a brief rest Roosevelt said:

"I have been wondering whom I could send to the Philippines. There is some rough and important work to be done out there."

"Why not send me?" asked Wood.

"Bully!" responded Roosevelt. "Go over and see Root about it to-night."

Wood was soon on his way to the Far East, going by way of the Suez Canal. At Rome he was received by the King of Italy: in Egypt he tarried for two weeks with his fellow regenerator Lord Cromer. That worker of Colonial Miracles is said to have once expressed the regret that he could not be succeeded by the type of man that Wood represented.

It is characteristic of Wood that he drew

the most hazardous post in the Philippines. He was assigned to the command of the Military Department of Mindanao and was commissioned Governor of the Moro province, fiercest of all the island bailiwicks. While organised resistance in a large way to American rule had subsided, the area immediately under Wood's control was alive with sporadic fighting of the most vicious and difficult sort.

But before he faced the steel of Moro bolo and sniper Wood went up against an ordeal in some respects more difficult. The fame of his sensational rise had preceded him to the Islands. The friend of three successive Presidents, it was natural that officers and men should have regarded him as a successful courtier who had advanced through influence. Thus suspicion, even hostility, met him.

But it did not last long. Wood outmarched, outsuffered and outfought the

hardiest regular of his command. He sent no one where he would not and did not go himself. The merest contact with him dispelled doubt, while comradeship in trench and trail won blind loyalty and devotion.

In that savage-ridden stronghold that he had come to rule Wood knew that the path to peace had to be cleaved with hand of iron. The Moros were the most bloodthirsty of the Filipino natives. In the back country among the mountains were merciless head hunters. The Moros had the fierce fanaticism of the Mohammedans: they regarded the white man and his institutions as intrusions to be put down by every device known to savage warfare.

The Cuban jungle fighting was as a spring-time frolic compared with the guerilla warfare of the Moro hills and swamps. Wood and his command were practically under arms for a year and a half and in the field most of the time. For months he was al-

most continuously under fire. Once in the Lake Lanao campaign his interpreter wandered from the trail into a bog and was instantly surrounded by Moro warriors. Always ahead with his men, Wood dashed in to his rescue and found him with emptied revolvers. Meanwhile the savages leaped into a dugout and tried to escape. By this time several troopers came up, whereupon the General seized a rifle and coolly kneeling in the mud, emptied the magazine, killing a Moro with every shot. It was this kind of performance that made his men adore him.

As you analyse Wood's exploits in the Philippines—and they bear directly on the great campaign that he is waging to-day—you discover that all that he achieved there, as elsewhere, is simply the result of systematic preparation and fitness to meet the emergency. More than once he blocked savage cunning with his knowledge and foresight, as the following incident shows:

On one occasion Wood received a delegation of Mohammedan polygamists who had come to plead for their harems and justify slave-holding at the same time. The Sultan of Jolo, who sat crosslegged on his rug, spoke up:

"The Prophet has said that a man may have many wives. It is so ordained in the Koran."

"That is quite true," replied General Wood. "I have read it there myself." All the Mohammedans looked up with pleasure and satisfaction.

"But," continued the General, "the Prophet also says that 'a wise man will be content with one.' "

There was nothing more to be said and the Moros left stunned into silence and obedience by what they believed to be the uncanny wizardry of the Big White Chief who was as wise as he was brave.

No phase of General Wood's Philippine

campaign was more colourful than his conquest of the Sultan of Sulu. That astute slave-holder and polygamist, entrenched behind stronghold and flanked by savage retainers, was a far more dangerous individual than he appeared to be in the comic opera that bore his name. But Wood broke his power and some of his savage practices. Nor was this performance without its element of humour.

The Sultan had the power of life and death and exercised it so indiscriminately that the General deposed him as ruler of his principality. He left him, however, as head of the Mohammedan Church.

When the most accomplished lady-killer of the Far East heard that his suzerainty only existed in spiritual matters, he said to Wood:

"But how about selecting wives when I see women who please me?"

"All that is done away with," answered Wood.

"Then," pleaded the Sultan, "what is the good of being a Sultan?"

"That is for you, not me, to decide," was the answer.

Under Wood's quiet but forceful dominion the Sultan accepted the situation, saw the evil of his ways, and became a constructive and useful influence throughout the province.

The taming of the Moros was attended by one dramatic incident which once more brought Wood into the arena of fierce controversy. I cite it not so much as a part of this man's remarkable record in the Far East as because it discloses a characteristic which runs like gold through his makeup. The depredations of Moro pirates and slave dealers on the Island of Jolo made it necessary to use swift and stern measures. The outlaws took refuge in a huge crater on Mount Dajo. Colonel Duncan commanded the expedition sent against them and General Wood went along with the column. The

night before the assault he slept on the ground with the men, using his saddle for a pillow. He scaled the hill during the action, but left the control of the troops to Duncan, desiring that he get full credit for the victory.

In this fight, as many people may recall, a number of native women were killed and the hue and cry, usually emanating from ignorance or misinformation, sprang up against Wood. He was labelled as a blood-thirsty monster. As a matter of fact in the engagement the women were armed as well as the men, and during the mêlée of battle it was impossible to distinguish sex. When the War Department cabled Wood asking for particulars he replied declaring his belief that American soldiers had not wantonly killed Moro women or children except unavoidably in close action. The important declaration in this message, however, that shows the real man and soldier behind it

was: "I assume entire responsibility for the action of the troops in every particular."

In this sentence you see the thing that bound his men to Wood with bonds of steel. He not only stood with them in the firing line but he fought their battles in camp and court.

When General Wood left Mindanao to become Commander of the Department of the Philippines at Manila he left behind him a perpetual monument to his administrative genius. In less than three years he had converted a hotbed of fanatical revolt—seat of slavery and polygamy and rent with feudal warfare—into a land of order and plenty, with school houses where the little brown kiddies were taught out of books printed in Arabic characters, where women had ceased to be chattels and were beginning to command the respect due their sex, where revenue succeeded ransom. Wood the Soldier

had again made good as Wood the Administrator.

At Manila he found himself in command of nearly twenty thousand troops committed to a purely military task. He revised the whole defensive scheme of the island and initiated the fight to shift the strategic base from Subig Bay to Manila Bay and eventually succeeded. He likewise extended the defensive resources of the Department to the limit. Those were the days when the match was perilously near the powder train that would have let go the explosion with Japan and it required all the tact and diplomacy that were part of the Wood equipment to deal with the delicate situation.

In developing the defensive side of the Army in the East Wood was once more the pioneer because he brought about a revolution in bayonet practice. It was then regarded as an absurd waste of effort. The European War, now raging, has proved that

cold steel at close quarters is still a necessary if unpleasant feature of modern fighting.

Wood journeyed home by way of the Far East and spent most of the summer in Switzerland. During a very notable celebration of the Centennial of the historic Siege of Saragossa he again rendered a typical diplomatic service. The United States sent a Mission to this demonstration headed by Wood. It was the first important social intercourse that the nations had had since the Spanish-American War. The cordial reception accorded our representatives, and especially to Wood, was entirely due to his fair treatment of the Spaniards in Cuba.

Before returning home Wood attended the German and French manœuvres. At the latter he was greeted by Colonel Picquart, the one-time Minister of War, with this extraordinary salutation:

"General Wood, I am especially glad to meet you. The first time I heard of you

I was in jail, where I read Richard Harding Davis' account of your Cuban campaign." Picquart referred to the time when he had paid so dearly for his loyalty to Captain Dreyfus.

While Wood was in Cuba, Jules Cambon, one of France's greatest governors of Algiers, then Ambassador to the United States, spent some time on the Island, and was much impressed with what was being done.

During Wood's visit to France, at the end of the manœuvre period which he had spent as an officer attached to the headquarters of one of the Army corps, he was presented to the president of the republic, and especially honoured by being made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, a rank which seldom leaves France.

At the termination of these manœuvres General Wood was asked what he thought of the French Army and answered in terms

which showed the character of his observation. He said the French Army would be the surprise of Europe in the next war, and his prophecy has been fulfilled.

V

IN 1908 General Wood returned home to become Commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, New York, oddly enough his first American command since those obscure Eighties when he led his hardy cavalrymen against the Apaches across the Mexican border. This post had a larger significance than merely recording his station as ranking general of the army.

From a weather-beaten desk in the old wind-swept building on the "Island," to military memory dear, where Hancock, Meade, McDowell, Miles, and other luminaries ruled the destinies of the Army of the East, Wood now launched the great Preparedness Drive. No panic patriotism stirred him on. Fresh from an experience in the Philippines that had proved to him how sensitive a thing in-

ternational relation is, he began to impress upon his countrymen the urgent need of making ready to meet the contingency of war whenever and wherever it came.

Nor did he deal in theory. Glaring weaknesses in the structure of national protection were uncovered. For one thing he instituted the Massachusetts manœuvres, the first extensive and uncontrolled field operations to be held in this country after the European plan. In this make-believe war, in which nearly fifteen thousand militiamen took part, he introduced the novelty of a water attack on Boston, using military transports as warships.

General Wood here proved conclusively that coast defences, however powerful, are absolutely useless without a mobile army behind them. To use the epigrammatic speech of which he is master, "Coast defence is like a giant in armour with his feet shackled: he is only effective within the reach of his club."

Upon his retirement from the Department of the East Wood was sent as head of the American Mission to celebrate the Centenary of Independence of the Argentina. What might have been an ordinary official junket turned out to be a journey fraught with the utmost significance. At the head of the German Embassy was the battle-scarred old warrior Field Marshal Von der Goltz, for years military mentor of the Crown Prince, and who sought out at once the eminent young American General. They had many talks about national service.

Back in his own Fatherland the Prussian chief had espoused the doctrine of compulsory training which combined soldierly efficiency with an economic preparedness of the highest order. Germany had capitalised this combined schooling with an irresistible commercial advance that had planted the business flag of the empire wherever the trade winds blew.

Wood came back to America more than ever impressed with the nationwide value of a national service that would embody all the virtues of the German plan without its stern and iron-handed militaristic features.

Circumstances again gave him a weapon with which to wage a war to prepare for war, because no sooner had he landed on his native soil than he became Chief of Staff. The time was ripe for preparedness education. Already the spark that was to set Europe aflame had flared up at Agadir. Wood knew as few men knew what was inevitable.

All the while America slumbered. Like a Monstrous Ostrich she hid her head in the sands of fancied security, content with her aloofness. Wood set out to destroy the illusion of isolation. He predicted then, what Zeppelin and Submarine demonstrated later on to England and which was likewise hammered home to us so ruthlessly by the operation of the U-53 along our own coast, that

the reaches of the broad Atlantic are no longer a great national barrier to keep out the invader. He realised, too, what many others now understand in the light of the Great War, that the Monroe Doctrine may some day join that now famed Belgian Treaty in the historic category of violated "scraps of paper."

As Chief of Staff, Wood emphasised that the bureaus are created for the supply of the Line, and not the Line for the bureaus, and during his time in the War Department this new conception, so far as that massive red tape ridden edifice is concerned, was conspicuous and insistent.

Wood became the inspired Preacher of Preparedness. He took for his text "Defenceless America"—his creed embodied the Swiss and Australian systems of national service. He pleaded for a systematic training of boys during school life, to be followed by an intensive instruction between the ages

of eighteen and twenty-one when business and domestic responsibility is at its minimum and physical resiliency and power are at their maximum. How was he to get this message home?

"Since the bulwark of a nation lies in a citizenry trained to arms," said Wood to himself, "this training must begin with youth. Why not give the high school and the college student an opportunity to mould the great idea of national defence into his mind along with academic studies?"

Out of this came the inspiration for the Student Camps which really marked the first outposts of our preparedness scheme. With a fine eye for sentiment and tradition General Wood held the first of these camps on Gettysburg Battlefield—the Valhalla of American Heroism. Here for the first time and in a big national way the youth of the land got its first test of soldier life.

In these camps developed the nucleus of

the National Reserve Corps, whose shield bears the inscription: "Ready, Organised, Prepared," and whose motto is: "Striving for Peace but Ready for War." The Advisory Committee is composed of a group of University Presidents of the stamp of John G. Hibben of Princeton, Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, Henry B. Hutchins of Michigan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler of California, Jacob G. Schurman of Cornell, Henry Sturgis Drinker of Lehigh, and John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York State. Thus defence is woven into the very fabric of scholastic life.

One concrete and heartening result of this agitation is a definite programme for military training for boys from sixteen to eighteen years of age in New York State under the direction of the State Military Training Commission. It carries out the provisions of a bill adopted by the Legislature during

1916 which put the Empire State in the van of this much-needed campaign of conservation.

The boys who attended the Student Camps liked the training and discipline so well and talked about it with so much enthusiasm when they got home that their fathers and uncles and elder brothers began to apply for similar service. To meet this demand General Wood evolved the now celebrated Plattsburg Idea which established Military Training Camps for the systematic instruction of men to qualify as reserve officers in emergency. At the initial camp for men which gave the system its title the number of "rookies" leaped from twenty-five hundred in 1915 to more than fifteen thousand in 1916.

The outbreak of the European War stimulated the Plattsburg movement. The hideous spectacle of Belgium sacrificed on the altar of inadequate preparation, of England

asleep at the very Crossroads of Destiny, brought home to America vividly and tragically the need of a defence which Wood urged so eloquently.

VI

FROM Chief of Staff Wood passed once more to the Command of the Department of the East and with him travelled the fighting spirit for national defence. While he was in the throes of his campaign came the mobilisation of the State troops on the Mexican border. Under the Hay Bill, on which the President's signature was still damp, the militia became Federalised. Seventy-two per cent. of the National Guardsmen of the country are in the Department of the East. General Wood's office at Governors Island became the nerve centre of a mighty movement.

From a dozen states came clamorous appeals for supplies, equipment and transportation. The emergency proved precisely what Wood had so long contended, for the

demand exceeded the supply. Yet out of all this disorder he evolved system.

He sat at his desk nineteen hours out of every twenty-four, galvanising inert Adjutant-Generals and injecting dynamic force into all the hurried preparation. He ripped up red tape and sacrificed routine to action. If a regiment needed horses he bought them on his own responsibility; he was no respecter of pride or precedent. In short, he got results and got them quickly.

This emergency revealed to the United States the sad and solemn fact that the inadequacy in equipment which delayed a mere display of arms against a disorganised and revolution-ridden country like Mexico would mean nothing less than national disaster in the face of trouble with a first-class fighting foe.

Here was fresh fuel to heap upon the fires of education that he was kindling everywhere. From rostrum, pulpit and banquet

table he sent up his fervent appeal. He proved to be as convincing an orator as he was governor and soldier. He adapted his message to school boys with the same force that he drove it into banking groups. A Twentieth Century Paul Revere, travelling in train and motor instead of horseback, he carried the warning of a peril that lurked beyond the uncertain Frontiers of To-morrow.

He revealed a gift of striking expression that was a revelation even to his oldest and closest associates. To the procrastinators, committed to the policy of drift in national preparedness, he hurled this impressive warning:

"There are many things man cannot buy and one of them is Time. It takes time to organise and prepare. Time will only be found in periods of peace. Modern war gives no time for preparation. Its approach is that of the avalanche and not of the glacier. God has given us eyes to see, ears to

hear, and an intelligence and a memory to gather and hold something of the lessons of the past. If we fail to make use of these means of protection which have been given us and simply say because certain things are disagreeable that they are to be disregarded, if we make no adequate preparation and neglect the evidence of our senses, we can expect help neither from God nor man. The fault is our own.

"The western battle line of Europe illustrates preparedness and unpreparedness. On one hand we have little Switzerland, every physically fit man trained to be a soldier if need be, and yet with almost no men living under arms; a real democracy, the army the people and the people the army, so situated, it is true, as not to require a standing army or navy, but nevertheless so thoroughly prepared that she can put 230,000 men in the field in two days and follow with as many more in a week.

"On the other end of the line, we have what was once a country, Belgium, with eight million people, commercial, busy, industrious, but neglecting almost wholly national preparedness. If Belgium had adopted the Swiss system, she could have put a million men on the short line which marks her eastern frontier. Could she have done this, no one can foresee what the result would have been, but she was unprepared and overrun."

Again, in defining the responsibilities of trained preparation, he said:

"Our preparedness must be based first upon a moral organisation of the people, an organisation that will bring home to them an appreciation of the fact that with equality of opportunity goes equality of obligation, that the army of a democracy must be the people trained to arms to a reasonable extent. In our case, with oversea possessions, we need a regular army adequate for the peace needs of the nation, such an army as

has been recommended by the General Staff, perhaps 250,000 men, of whom 60,000 will be in the Philippines, where we have taken up and partially completed one of the most splendid pieces of international uplift work ever attempted by any people; in the Hawaiian Islands, which are the key to the Pacific, for whoever holds them will dominate the trade routes of that ocean to a very large extent (these islands are also one of the main defences of the Pacific Coast); in Panama, where we have built one of the greatest implements of commerce, the Panama Canal, connecting the two oceans. This canal is also of the greatest military value, making our fleet available on either ocean, and it must be strongly and securely held against all comers.

"In Porto Rico and Alaska we must also maintain small garrisons. When the garrisons are completed, they will probably number about 60,000 men, so that the remaining

force will be scattered in the coast defences of the United States and in our various military centres, serving as a training force in time of peace, always ready to meet a sudden emergency, to furnish an expeditionary force such as we sent to Cuba in 1898, and, more recently, to Vera Cruz. This small nucleus of highly trained troops will serve as a teacher in time of peace and as a nucleus for a less thoroughly trained citizen army in time of war. We must have a first-class navy always ready and a National Guard that is national and not state, for the state system has been an absolute failure and always will be. The federal government must control the guard in time of peace, and train it and equip it in order that it may be promptly available and efficient in time of war."

Nor will any one who has ever heard his kindling interpretation of the larger aspect of all this training forget its all-embracing scope. Here it is:

"We must remember, all of us, that this training is not a training for war alone; it really is a training for life, a training for citizenship in time of peace. It results in an all-round better citizen, because of the habits of regularity, promptness and thoroughness which are acquired from the training. The youth learns to respect the constituted authorities, the rights of others, the law, and the flag of his country, and to think in terms of the nation rather than in terms of the individual. Its result will be to nationalise our people, to bring them together to an extent to which they have never been brought together before. For the everyday business and professional struggle, the training will be most helpful, because of the better physique, because of the discipline and self-control which will come from the training. It will result in greatly increased individual and national efficiency. It will make for national solidarity, and will be the strongest

possible insurance against war. If war is forced upon us, it will tend to make it short, and to reduce the loss of life and treasure to a minimum.

"We cannot, unfortunately, depend upon righteousness and an upright national life for protection. The best men who have ever lived have suffered martyrdom; blameless people have been ruthlessly swept aside. All this is unfortunate, but it is nevertheless true. We must organise the strength of right against the forces of wrong. We must remember that a strong man, armed, can be both righteous and self-restrained; that to have power does not necessarily mean to abuse it. We must remember, also, that it is the strong, well-prepared nation which, in the last analysis, decides whether resort is to be had to arbitration or to war. We must remember, finally, that it is better to be prepared for war and not have it, than to have war and not be prepared for it."

Directly as an outcome of all this persistent pleading came the heartening and nation-wide movement for adequate defence. General Wood had urged, among other things, a mobilisation of industrial resources. The stupendous struggle abroad has demonstrated that war to-day is as much a battle of chemist, metallurgist and manufacturer as it is of commander and soldier.

The Naval Consulting Board, developed into useful and significant life by the admirable initiative of Howard Coffin, is an excellent example of the fruits of the Wood Crusade. This organisation, which has made a survey of our industrial resources with a view of ascertaining their adaptability for war work, has assumed the dignity and proportion of a national defence body, with the authority of the President of the United States behind it.

Such organisations as the National Security League, the American Defence Society

and the Naval League—together with many other kindred and allied organisations—all indicate that the idea has definitely and permanently taken root and will increase and multiply.

Thanks to General Wood and the courageous and public-spirited men associated with him, there has been set up in this country a Chautauqua of Patriotism which will be a Forum of Citizenship.

We are on the way at last to a Preparedness which means security and safeguard for American Life and American Honour.

VII

YOU have now seen the Wood career flash by with all the dash and detail of a cinema play. So swift has been the panorama of action that there has been scant opportunity for close analysis of the Man behind the drama.

I know of no better single sentence that sums up his character than a remark he once made to me. I asked him casually what had been the driving force behind all his achievement, and quick as a flash he said:

"Do things and don't talk about them."

This is really the mainspring of the Wood machine. You find a further indication of his method and an additional reason why he has travelled so far in another pithy statement to which he gave utterance on the same occasion and which was:

"Never miss an opportunity to do some-

thing. It is better to be a live failure than a dead success."

The advice that he has always laid down for his officers is equally illuminating. Ask any one who has ever served with him what the headquarters maxim was and he will say that the Chief has invariably said:

"Always volunteer for service because you never know where it will lead."

Consciously or unconsciously, Wood, in this injunction, was merely talking out loud about himself. Back in those early Indian fighting days on the border it was Wood who always said, no matter what the emergency, "I'll go." If a horse thief was to be run down he was first in the saddle after him: if a courier had to be sent on a hazardous mission he was on the job ahead of all others.

A good soldier is usually a good sportsman. Wood personified this rule to a remarkable degree. At the big ball for Presi-

dent Palma and the New Congress at the Tacon Theatre in Havana, a night or two before the transfer of authority to the Cuban Government—it was the night of the coronation of the King of Spain—Wood suggested to the Cubans that they go to the Spanish Club and propose the health and long life of the King, as they had been the winners of the war and could afford to take the first step in this last movement of reconciliation. They went. The Spaniards then came back into the old theatre and drank to the health of the new republic, and to the life and prosperity of its president. It was the beginning of an era of good feeling between one-time bitter and relentless foes.

In Cuba particularly Wood demonstrated his genius of conciliation in a multitude of ways. His attitude toward the Church is an illuminating example. It was a Catholic country, and under the system in force for centuries the Governor-General took part

in all great religious festivities and ceremonials. Knowing its immense influence he made himself a part of all the important religious ceremonies and marched in the great festival processions with the high dignitaries. So easy and natural was his adaptability that on more than one holiday he was greeted by this remark from the crowds:

"Thank God, the General is a good Catholic."

In view of his remarkable rise to rank and fame the charge has often been made that Leonard Wood is a Man of Opportunity. As a matter of fact when you dispassionately scrutinise his public performance you discover that Wood not only created every opportunity that sped him on, but, what was equally important, he was ready when it developed.

It is by contrast with other outstanding soldiers that you get the real range on Wood. With Kitchener, for example, he had an

amazing community of vision and achievement. Physically, however, they were very much unlike because the English War Lord was tall, sinewy, slightly stooped, aloof and almost saturnine in expression, while Wood is shorter, with a stocky, athletic body and a face that can be alive with animation. Kitchener was a graduate of Woolwich, the English West Point, while Wood entered the army as a civilian and pounded his way up. With these differences, however, the dissimilarity ends. Indeed, as you place their careers side by side the points of mutual interest and contact are little short of uncanny.

First and foremost each of them was equipped with the genius of organisation. Kitchener was the "Organiser of Victory" all the way from the Soudan down to that recent and fateful hour when he whipped the intrepid khakied host, otherwise known as "Kitchener's Army," into shape and hurled

it against the German battle-line. Wood, too, demonstrated an extraordinary executive ability in field and office.

Just as Kitchener delivered Egypt from a multitude of internal troubles, broke the yoke of an ancient tyranny and made her desert bloom with plenty, so did Wood overcome dirt and disease in Santiago and make the Moro morasses productive. Both men were great administrators, Kitchener in Suakim and London, Wood in Cuba and the Philippines. Both were strong-armed but far-seeing Conciliators, Kitchener with Arab and Boer, Wood with Spaniard and Filipino. They fought when fighting was necessary, but eventually found the larger way to lasting truce. Hope and Humanity grew wherever they wrought.

"Thorough" was the word engraved upon the Kitchener coat-of-arms. By the same token "Ready" might well be inscribed on the Wood escutcheon, for there has always

been definite method behind his movement: he has never left a job unfinished.

Oddly enough both men made an almost complete round of service in the possessions of their respective countries. With the Hero of Khartoum the sun never set upon his colonial ministrations, which ranged from South Africa to India. Wood has left the impress of his personality in Cuba and the Philippines.

Kitchener and Wood had the same lofty conception of military service as an essential phase of national character. Likewise they were both master road builders. Each knew, and at the price of sweat and blood, the vital necessity of providing adequate highways in peace to meet the demands of war. Kitchener cut his teeth in this need first in Egypt and later in South Africa. It was "K. of K." who built the railway from Sarras to Kosheh which enabled him to conquer the whole Dongola province and

which he made one of the richest spots in the Nile basin: it was Wood who spread macadam up and down the tortuous Cuban ways and opened the island fastnesses to civilisation and progress.

Each of these strong men believed in absolute authority. They could use the iron hand when force was needed, yet the brass-buttoned despot could become the prince of peace.

General Wood shares to-day a curious kinship with still another great English soldier, the late and always-to-be-lamented Lord Roberts. It was that gallant and unconquerable little man who first exposed the unreadiness of his country to meet the war that he believed would eventually come. He ranged up and down the whole Kingdom urging National Service with all the power and effectiveness at his command. He was met with indifference and even ridicule. His stirring

slogan, "Get Ready!" fell on deaf or doubting ears.

But when the German Avalanche crashed into civilisation and the Mailed Fist smote an innocent land, Great Britain found out to her sorrow and shame that old "Bobs" had been right after all. He died to the Requiem of the Great Guns for whose existence he had begged. They came too late to save the peace of Europe, but to-day with every roar of their monstrous mouths they echo his plea.

Will history repeat itself with Wood and everything that his Doctrine of Defence means?

In the last analysis, all that General Wood has lived and preached and achieved is merely democracy translated into terms of civil and soldierly performance. He stands as the kindling dramatisation of the great and fundamental principle that with equality of opportunity under the flag must go a

kindred obligation of service to protect that starry symbol of citizenship.

Swollen with an inflated and temporary prosperity we are treading the path of delusion and folly. Each day brings us nearer the pitfall that lack of preparedness creates. Simple and abiding faith in the consciousness of undeveloped and untrained strength will not avail against the fury and force of organised assault.

We point with pride to a colossal wealth and thrill with emotion over a trade authority that sweeps the Seven Seas, but all our treasure and resource are sterile without a dauntless national spirit expressed in trained preparedness to preserve peace and prevent war. As General Wood himself puts it: "We are drifting too perilously into individualism: we are not doing the things which make a people think in terms of the nation, and these are the things that we must do if that nation must endure."

This is the new Nationalism, whose highest inspiration lies in a career like that of Leonard Wood. To know it is to hear a trumpet call to duty and service.

It is Americanism itself.

THE END